LISTENING TO SONGS AT MIDNIGHT

by Kewayne Wadley

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For Friends & Family

I love and adore you all, may this finds you in the best of health.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Kewayne Wadley (1987-Present) is a Memphis-based poetic storyteller whose mission is to spread love and inspiration through the power of words. Breathing his first human breath in Connecticut, he wound up spending most of his childhood days in the Deep South and much farther south: Central America. Distinctly amorous lines infused with sultry overtones, Kewayne's poetry paints vivid pictures of whirlwind romances and loves as unshaken as placid lakes. The unwavering support of his loved ones, especially his grandmother is what drives him the most. His innate ability to see life through an unconventional lens can be witnessed in his innovative approach to his craft.
Throughout his writing career, Kewayne's poems have been featured in an array of anthologies and zines, including but not limited to Collected Whispers (2006), For This Cause Writers Unite (2012), The Poetic Bond IX (2019), Porter Gulch Review: 36th Edition (2020), and Who's Who in American Poetry (2021). He also was recently crowned the 3rd Place Winner for his haiku "Full of Posies" (Dreamers Magazine, 2022) and received Honorable Mention for "Love Sometimes" (The Poetic Bond X).

with this publication he would love to add not only a few tasteful insights to the thought of love, but also touch your heart with Listening to Songs at Midnight. As this thoughtful collection brings out not only the thoughts of love but also the many trials we sometimes fret when we think of love and the many definitions that follow when we mention its name.
Sincerely with love

Peace & Blessings,
Namaste

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HOME ISN'T

Home isn't always an
architectural structure comprised
Of wood and screws,
I've slid my tongue in your
Mouth and twisted it like
A key to a lock.
With your consent I come,
& I go
Remembering how it feels to stand
Firm inside of you
I carry you with me everywhere
I go, home
You will always be mine

OCEAN OF CORKS

She was made of wine
A wild child who loved to wear red
And fluid like dresses,
When she'd come around, I'd pull out
My boat and set sail in an ocean
Made of corks.
The more she poured of herself
The more I stared into her raspberry eyes
& Swirled my fingers around in her deep fragrant curls.
She was swift, gently tickling the insides of my mouth,
Her words dissolving against my tongue & around my head.
A bittersweet aromatic touch
Her lips to mine,
She helps me sail into the middle
Of the night with the ease of an
Corkscrew,
Winding into orgasmic hush
With much delight-
She's both liquid and fire.
I've pushed my boat into an ocean
Made of corks
And have lost myself beneath her fluid like dress

LAZY LOVE

I love the small moments that don't
Feel so heavy.
Most feelings don't have words,
One where looks have no say so
But are prompted in a very genuine
Way between you & I.
Most feelings don't have words.
I love that my insecurities
Can lay beside yours & snore
As long as they like.
People change, emotions change,
Situations change.
Most philosophies of attraction are
Complicated.
Like most times you don't say a word
Most times you'd rather wait & I call first.
But most times I'd rather snuggle up close to you
& Sleep my worries away

LOVE SOMETIMES

Love she said.
Is when you reach into
Your purse & don't have enough
To make your purchase.
Love she said.
Love is when you constantly search,
Looking for that missing magic.
That missing nickel or dime,
A complete bill that unravels
In the nick of time.
Love sometimes is second guesses
And quick reassurance.
Love sometimes holds up the line
& Makes you crazy.
Love she said
Love is a stranger that creeps up
From behind
& Gives the cashier what you need
Sometimes not what you want.
Love she said
Is human.
Love she said
Sometimes walks out the door
Soon as you see it

LAST ASH

And like incense our scent takes to the air.
Ascending before we fall.
Her and I.
We burst into fire.
Our eyes a gaseous mixture.
Ignited by the touch of skin.
Kindling the many thoughts, we keep of each other.
A crackle blown out.
Accented in desire,
Our yearning ignites.
We hold ourselves unselfish,
Keeping warm.
Separate stems bonded as one.
Our inner voice visible.
Bypassing worry, our doubt.
A piece of us both, dissipating in a slow burning.
To give more than we've taken in unspoken communication.
We fell in ash.
Our scent a prayer sent to heaven.
To always remain this way.
Even after our extinguishing.
May we linger.
Forever more.
Falling fast asleep in each other's arms.
Leading each other to a place we call love.
Until the last ash drops

DISAPPEAR FROM VIEW

I unraveled the belt from your dress
& Put you to my lips.
It was a must that I found you.
I've loved you like this many times
before.
Many times, misplacing my selfish
need for yours.
I've bummed minutes & seconds, even hours.
Patiently awaiting your arrival.
The fleshly eruption of when I press you to my lips
& Inhale.
You'll never understand how good you feel
between my fingers.
How you take my pain and make it yours,
whenever you are this close to me
I am at ease.
There isn't a single thing that I cannot do,
the way you fall like embers through the night
the same way that stars do,
before they disappear from view.
I've loved you like this many times before
Most times long winded, anytime, anywhere
Never thinking the long-term consequence,
and how I can't stop reaching for your pouch

LIKE MOST DREAMERS

Like most dreamers
she found me asleep,
Though I've dreamed of her before
This time felt real.
I ran across a rainbow knowing nothing
except that I ran.
Like most dreamers
I didn't fear falling until it happened.
I felt myself land in my bed with a loud crash
Like most dreams that end
there is always a beginning and an end.
Like most dreamers
I wasn't afraid to fall asleep & dream again
This time I'll run faster
This time I'll catch you for sure.
No matter how far you stretch
I'll reach out and grab you.
No matter how you kick the covers
Like most dreams
The best way to begin is a good night kiss from you

SAME DREAM BLUES

Put me to sleep
I says put me back to sleep
and lock the door
I got some place to be
Got someones to see.
You can't understand
You surely can't understand
I needs to dream my same dream
I needs to dream my same dream I says
This old life does me no good
My eyes, they need to be closed I says.
Finds me a woman I met sometime last night
No madder how I tell it,
You can't understand this thang I know fo' certain.
I says put me back to sleep
I says put me back to sleep
Can't you see
I got some place to be
Got someones to see

BUTTERFLIES DOWN THE THROAT

I was a butterfly,
Exploring how I felt
Inside of her stomach.
I followed the sun into
her mouth.
I once lied because I was
Afraid of the truth,
Now I search feverishly
Trying to relieve that one
moment of truth.
You'll never know how good
It feels to be free

TALK TO YOU

I wanted to talk to you
But didn't know how.
So, I listened & resonated
with what you had to say,
Even though I didn't understand
half of it.
I loved watching how you lit up
& How much passion it gave you.
The same passion you'd give me
whenever I'd hear you talk.
I wanted to talk to you, but you didn't
seem like you'd be interested in all the things
I'd want to talk about,
So, I'd spend half the night each and every night
researching
all the things I'd sit & listen to you
talk about.
The things I thought I had no interest in.
Who would've thought
I'd be on my second degree
Who would've thought
You'd be at my graduation

BROCHURES, SIGNS, MAYBE IT'S ME

Sometimes expectation rarely
Meets reality, it's simple when
You're looking for somewhere to live.
One moment you're flipping through
Brochures & scheduling an appointment,
The next you're approved & ready
to meet the rush of excitement.
You never expect the lack of impatience,
or complications of something
that could be so simple.
One moment you're packed and ready
To move in, the next you're packed &
Ready to move somewhere else
Very rarely do we value what our heart
Truly needs, instead we go with
The first thing that looks good

VINYL RECORD

To me her love was more than just “love”
To me the way she loved was a record.
A sensuous pin in the groove.
And when she’d speak, she’d spin around and around.
To me that was all that mattered.
I danced in her rhythm.
Finding it impossible to deny what was evident.
In a mere matter of moments, I was enticed.
Tracing the lines of her hands,
I being the pin lost in her melatonin.
Whether in public for all to see.
Or in the intimate moments shared between her & I.
I sung her love as my favorite song.
A song forever engraved as I longed to be the pin
that traced her groove.
A record that always stays with you
No matter how much time has passed

WHAT'S FOR DINNER

I have run from you
one time too many
Finding myself out in the open,
There aren't too many places
to hide.
I've slid between the spaces of your fork
now you have me pinned,
I have run from you one time too many
I hope that you have mercy on me.
Along the lines of patience
I realize that mercy may be asking too much
But until now I've realized how big your teeth
really are.
With no place to run & your fork fast-ly
approaching there is nowhere else on this plate
to run.
I have run from you one time too many
and after tasting your lips
I question myself
Why did I run in the first place

PIZZERIA

When love arrives,
It arrives only to leave again.
Coming back to another again.
Another time,
Another arrival.
The same streets once laughed and grinned in.
When love arrives,
It arrives as that familiar face
Strolling down the street without a care in the world.
A personality in the wind mutual to which steps to take.
When love arrives,
It arrives with a certain taste.
The first slice of readily made pizza.
Made hot, fresh.
Pepperonis covered in cheese.
Knowing it's favorite place, love.
It's soon to leave until the urge returns.
The pizzeria tucked in the corner.
The pizzeria no one knows about.
The pizzeria that can be found in each and every city.
When love arrives no matter how many times it leaves.
No matter how good the taste,
It is never really gone

BE LIKE HOME

& When you walk away
When the doors to your arms
Are no longer open.
Where do I go
To wander the thoughts that
Keep me warm & snug.
There are parts of you that twist
The thermostat that actives
This warmth.
& When you walk away
To where does the mail go addressed
With the stamp of your lips,
A place I call home.
Will it be delivered else where
& I forlorn.
When the doors to your arms
Are no longer open.
Where do I go
To wander the thoughts that
Keep me warm & snug

BOARDERS (THIN LINES)

That thin line is where
I want to be
Cut off between us two.
No matter how much we
change, this line will
always be.
Between motorized vehicles
the patter of shoes, old & new.
Spaced out between concrete plateaus and
painted highway lines.
The onlookers & passerbys
caught in the wind without second glance,
that thin line where I want to be
Can only be described as
Beside you.
Between the trees, beside the small lakes & birds
of your imagination,
That thin line where I end & you begin.
Our invisible bridge where my voice
tickles your ear & is miles long
That thin line that grasps your hand & mind.
No matter how much we change
this line will always be
& This line where we always meet

Freedom of speech is to reiterate the liberty I feel when I am around you.
Freedom of speech is to reinforce through verbal communication that I miss you.
Rather than the silence of closed lips, concealing every heartfelt thought that tears away at my heart that goes without notice.
To hear you reply with not only your words but the reaction of your eyes.
The openness of your body. To heal this incurable ache.
Through verbal stimulation only can this freedom be heard through longing ears.
To hear you say the things you keep near and dear to your heart.
This universe that you keep inside swirling between your ears.
The orbit of your heart, longing and throbbing with a life of its own.
This freedom which I speak liberates the soul.
Keeping things inside otherwise felt in death.
The regret of keeping things inside that should have been spoke into existence.
Otherwise, how else would you know the taste of this freedom spoke from my lips.
This freedom that echoes loud and clear that reinforces action.
To voice opinion. To live, to love.
This freedom which I speak I need you to hear with closed eyes and an open heart.
To reinforce this love, I have for you. To constantly place pieces of me inside of you.
To return to me the same freedom that I hope to instill in you

PARTS YOU FORGOT

I came to visit you &
remembered
Why I loved to see
you smile.
Not all good things
have to end
I often don't think
about the rest.
Just the parts you
Forgot

I lost my virginity
to your voice,
It's impossible to hide
myself from you.
Impossible to take back
What I've hidden in your crease

CLOCKS

I took the numbers off the clock
& Slipped them in her mouth,
Each time I thought of her.
Whether she moves or stands still
Time is of no importance.
My arms will always wind
in search of her

ACTUALITY

With so little time I could not decide.
Shelf after shelf filled with book upon book.
The likes I've dreamed of reading.
Most bookstores have their signs posted.
Opening and closing time.
But this, this was something out of the ordinary.
Not a soul wandering through the aisles.
No checkout line.
It was intimate.
Being here alone surrounded by book after book.
Each with a cover beautifully drawn.
Genres of insecurities, dreams, ambitions.
Love.
Any spot on the floor felt like home.
Addressing myself in total seclusion.
Mornings spent in thought embraced by the cold air
flowing through the vents.
Afternoons spent without a thing to do.
The nights when a pillow was the only comfort,
drifting off to sleep.
Slow rather than fast.
I flipped through page after page.
Wandering from aisle-to-aisle undecided in which book
I wanted to read first.
Eying the shelves one at a time.
Finding the beauty in what makes you, you.

The marked-on pages.
The distraught covers.
With so little time I didn't want
to spend every second over-thinking.
Analyzing exactly which stood out the most.
When in actuality.
They all are a part of you

Her leg was my favorite tree to lean against.
Most times I'd lean my back there and listen to her for hours.
I'd stare at the pattern of clouds that hovered above my head.
The wind sweeping beneath her dress in perfect amount of shade.
The rustle of fabric against skin.
Here I felt I could be myself.
I found peace in an abundance of silence.
Turned the opposite way, her roots.
I rested my head against redwood skin.
Free to be myself.
She was my sanctuary.
Standing still in her strength. I became a part of her,
Sitting still.
listening to her intently, the debris left behind from most storms.
I'd take my time, to help fix the broken branches.
Keeping weeds as far from her as I could.
Learning to compromise in a moment of trust, leaning my head against her lower leg once more.
The shade she provided in her selflessness.
The rustle of my hand against her leaves.
Letting parts of her former self go to grow anew.
My head nestled soft against skin.
I watered her every chance that I could,
Watching the same water sprinkle down on me like rain.

I rested my head against her lower leg for a moment longer.
Learning to be still in the moments that pass like clouds

SATELLITES & LURES

She grabbed me by my collar
& Told me come quick.
The view of the moon was
Perfect, especially from this close.
Our combustion, our compulsion
I felt small compared to her
Sailing in a small metal boat
She grabbed me by the collar
To stop me from falling
The only best thing I could've done.
Defying the laws of gravity
I'd never been this high up
Reluctant to play make believe.
Falling and bumping my head
On a star.
She hooked me with the lure
Of her eye
And like a fish I'd evaporate
From a blue and green possibility
Into a rocket lure.
& Hurled off into an unknown
Eternity of stars.
Skipped across the sky
Until out of sight

PIECE OF YOU, FOR LATER

She was the first person
That I ever attempted to put in my pocket.
To be honest it didn't feel right
I mean she was shorter than I &
didn't seem to mind.
For a while I carried her in a pocket
she could call her own.
Away from my keys and loose change.
Some people would stop & stare,
But between me & her it was all good fun.
Sure, we made our share of mistakes
She even ate all the candy I had stashed in
my pocket.
But what no one could figure out was that
I was saving the best part of her for myself
Even if that included all of her
being scrunched up & folded in my pocket.
To be honest it didn't feel right
Especially when she'd laugh & people would
look around and only see me

IN YOUR ATMOSPHERE

Out of the many inhabitants
Of your heart.
I still pace the downtown streets
Hoping to see your face among the
Crowd.
Whether you are leaving a plate of pasta
Or I catch you walking past the side of a building.
Of all the places I've been
I enjoy being here the most.
If by chance I see your face,
Whether you are alone
Or with company.
I'll keep my hello short
Around the landmark of your dimple
Most of the flights I'd like to take
Really are affordable

LOST MOON BLUES

I've lost my moon somewhere
in the crevasse of my pocket.
I realized only when I looked up
Feeling that something wasn't right.
I reached my hand in my pocket,
Finding my keys, my wallet,
Everything but you.
I've lost my moon somewhere
in the crevasse of my pocket.
My fingers roaming through lint stars
& Loose string galaxies.
I lost my moon checking every pocket
on my jeans.
The lint stars all out of orbit.
I reached my hand in my pocket.
Finding my keys, my wallet,
everything but you
The only thing that makes my night
that much brighter

COFFEE OF STARS

Her moon is the everlasting cream
In my coffee of stars.
I stir in the hopes she appears
In half dark twinkles of night.
My hands warm in the bistro of
Anticipation.
She leans against my lips
& My emotions erupt in hot steam.
A love like hers silk as cream,
Easing down my throat.
I stir until half dark twinkles are covered.
I stir until only the smallest bit is shown.
Her moon the everlasting cream,
In my coffee of stars.
The taste forever lingering on my tongue.
This cream a kiss that orbits much of the world.
A romance I taste with each sip,
In my coffee of stars

SPACE, THE FINAL REFRIGERATOR MAGNET

Space exists when we're apart
Though we orbit, nothing is ever absolute.
Through the light & the dark
We both age at different times
But nothing is ever absolute.
When the lights go off & the stars
burn out.
We are left to believe that it's time to go to sleep.
That we've made our last stop &
Gotten our last sip of water before the kitchen
closes at least for another tomorrow,
But nothing is ever absolute.
Although this space I speak of is definite
& Gives birth to the fondness of the heart
One thing for sure is definite of absolutes.
No matter how much our galaxies differ
No matter how many magnets are spread across
the front of your refrigerator.
There is always room for an astronaut
brave enough to travel
the darkest sky.
& In that moment
I'll find you, always

SING TO YOU

I found a dream in her voice
many will never see.
Too busy sleep.
The alarm still hours away.
I lay still in the sound of her voice.
Not wanting to wake up.
Knowing this dream the brightest light
I've seen.
A dream no one will see but me.
Her voice the sweetest song I know.
Drenched in caramel swirl

SLOW DOWN BLUES:

TIME WAITS FOR NO ONE

Long sleek black dress
Smooth silk brown skin,
Time moves entirely too fast.
I done called time & begged him
to slow down.
If time waits for no man than perhaps
if time took one look at you
he would reconsider.
I've seen the sun drench the night
over its silk brown skin &
I've seen just how right the stars twinkle
off your hips
Your long sleek black dress.
I've called time & threatened to bop him
one in the head if he doesn't slow down.
It's not too often the night nor all of its stars
appear as close as they have tonight
& Tonight, I hope you'd agree
Time moves entirely too fast

BOOGIE, MAN! GO AWAY

There is a boogie man
That lives in my heart
I first saw him when I introduced
You to my lips.
There is a boogie man
That lives in my heart
Without doubt,
You keep him at bay
On nights I can't sleep.
I turn over & see him face to face.
He confessed to me that you
Should leave.
This boogie man that lives in my heart
finds you very beautiful
His hands filled with deep scars,
His eyes the only speck I see.
It's natural to adorn
Someone like you.
Someone so out the blue,
A chill to a paraplegic spine.
This boogie man disappearing
In the blink of an eye.
This boogie man finding heaven
In light of a funeral.
Once you are gone
This boogie man sings hymns

Of your name.
He once confessed to me that you
Should leave.
But me,
I hope you stay for a while

GOOD TENANT (SLIM TO NONE) RENTERS INSURANCE

Good tenants are hard
To find.
From looks alone she placed
Her bags by the door
In need of a place to stay.
We bypassed the applications
& She moved right in.
From looks alone
She was the perfect tenant
Talking about her goals & ambitions.
From looks alone
I handed her the keys to occupy
A void that has been empty for so long.
Not once did I think that things
Would come up missing or broken.
Not once did I think there would
Be multiple maintenance calls
To fix the things insurance
Wouldn't cover.
Not once did I think to ask
If she had renters insurance

JAYWALKING (LOOK BOTH WAYS)

And when I see you
My heart skips a beat,
Walking out into the middle of the street
Without regard to the cars
darting through the intersection.
Some raising their fingers,
Others intentionally driving faster.
Remembering a time,
Remembering a place that
you were everything I needed.
Everything I could have wanted.
And when I see you
My heart so badly wants to
relive those moments.
Stepping one foot in front of the other.
Dodging near miss
After near miss.
Knowing that deep down
I'll end up getting hit
For not letting go

UGLIEST KIND OF BEAUTIFUL

I don't consider you a friend because
of how many times you cross my mind.
Nor because of the times we don't mention.
I don't consider myself in love because
of the things we do to each other behind
closed doors.
Open doors or in-between doors.
I consider you my equal because of the philosophy we share.
All without making a sound.
The love we have that naturally reacts
with a vocal notion of its own.
We don't have to be around each other
to explore the things that aren't said.
A vocal assurance that I do indeed mean what I say.
We are both the ugliest kind of beautiful
our laughs being the ice breaker
for all that we share.
The tears elapsed from laughing too hard.
No, I don't consider you a friend, or a lover
because of how much I'll miss you when you're gone.
No, I don't want to be near you just because
of a single thought.
Nor because of the way you make me feel.
You'll always be with me.
Sharing our ugliest kind of beautiful

READING YOUR TEXT MESSAGES

You know I can still hear your voice
when I read your messages.
You don't have to express it with a "ha" or "lol"
A lot of the times I read & re-read your messages.
& Automatically I get to laughing & smiling when I hear it.
My favorite song.
It's been a while since I've heard it.
Finally finding my favorite song
After thinking about it so long.
All the memories that come rushing at once,
A sense of taste.
A sense of smell.
Remembering the words to all my favorite parts.
After all it's my favorite song.
This beautiful voice a reminder that warmth is but a thought away.
This happy feel-good feeling that only I understand.
Finding myself dancing, nodding to the rhythm of your voice.
Out of all the streaming and downloading services in the world.
I could access it anytime or anywhere.
But
It doesn't give the same authenticity as hearing it in person.

I could access it anytime or anywhere.
Put my headphones in and tune out the entire world.
All with a username and password.
But these files are only copies of my favorite song.
My favorite song played over and over whenever I talk to you.
Whenever I think of you.
My favorite song played over and over
when I hear the sound of your voice.
Reading your messages

Everyone attempts to put a price on everything.
From jobs, to going on vacation.
Fluctuating gas prices, the necessities we can't live without.
The cost of everything is going up.
There really isn't too much that people haven't put a stature to
the almighty dollar which constantly diminishes every day.
We barely have enough time as it is without hustling trying to make time for the things that we truly care about and seem to neglect,
having to constantly look at the clock. It robs us of the sincerity that follows.
A genuine smile that is very courteous but is also rushed at the same time.
Somehow, we've come to the idea that we need a certain amount of money to truly enjoy ourselves.
Big businesses know this very well.
They expect us to cling on to the vast images that we see flashed in front of us in subliminal advertisement.
Via television, social media, or word of mouth without realizing that too much time has already passed.
About the only thing we truly take for granted are the moments that we finally remember to breathe and cherish the very same moments we remember to smile.
Forgetting who we are in the process of trying to make ends meet while maintaining the perception if it's ever enough.

If possible, today I want you to press pause on the things that make you smile
And live in that moment for as long as possible.
As it doesn't cost a thing to smile, it doesn't cost a thing to greet someone with a genuine embrace.
It doesn't cost a thing to sit back and breathe for a second or two.
Set a limit to how much you give of yourself.
Because those who take, will only continue to take

FROM THE AUTHOR

Thank you for your support in reading my first book. If you enjoyed this poetry anthology and you believe it can be a benefit or inspiration to others, an honest review on Amazon (or wherever book retailer you purchased this from) would be greatly appreciated to spread the word about this book.

The next volume in the series, *More Songs to Listen to at Midnight*, is currently in the works and will be released in the late 2022.

If you would like to keep in touch with me on Social Media, below are my Instagram, Facebook, and Poem Hunter handles. I'll be looking forward to connecting with you.

Instagram handle: @PoeticBlues1
Facebook: @Romero Amour
Poem Hunter: @Kewayne Wadley

Thank you for your support!

Warmest thoughts,

Kewayne